

PARENTALIA. (14)

SPECTATISSIMO

ROLANDO COTTONO ~~scriba~~

Equiti Aurato

SALOPIENSI.

Memoria & Pietatis

Ergo.



LONDINI,

Excudebat A. M. 1635.

2
P. 2

PARVITAS

SPECTATISSIMO

LIBRO DE OTTONIO

EDITIONE

ANNO 1512

Memorie & Pietatis

Libro



LONDINI

Excudebat A. M. 1512

PARENTALIA.

In Obitum clarissimi & charissimi Equitis,

D. Rolandi Cottoni de Bellaport in Agro

Salopiensi. Ad Musas Bellofitanas

& Cantabridas.

Siccine Phoebi hæres, Parnassi primus alumnus,
Pierijq; chori ductor, transcendere metas
Qui senij meruit, fatiq; excedere leges,
Ad superos inflectus abis? tam præpote pennâ,
Vnnulla ex vestra, Musæ, gemibunda cohorte;
Aut desiderium tanti, aut testetur amorem
Tam chari capitis, post soles tot? procul absit
A vobis tantum facinus; custodia famæ
Deploratorum, vestra est concredita curæ
Hoc opus est vestrum: solos virtutis amicos,
Doctrinæq; reos, vili fecernere vulgo,
Et pro mortali immortalẽ reddere vitam.
Ergo agite ô Musæ, cum jam non justior ulla
Se obtulerit, vel sit porro oblatura, perennis
Laudis materies, ruite in præconia habenis.
Effusis, quotquot vel limpidâ flumina puri
Cherwelli accollitis, vel stagna palustria Chamis;
Vnus enim calamis vestris dignissimus, unus
Inter Apollineas dignus qui floreat umbras.
Cottonus meus, heu! Cottonus.

Io. Jackson Eques

auratus Ebor.

P Villatus quem spectas (Lector) Libellus Cottoni
 magni exile monumentum est. Cononum lo-
 quor, virum (si quidquam poterit nominis splen-
 dor) illustri familia oriundum, virtute tamen
 quam stemmate Nobiliorem; virum quem dolent super-
 stites ereptum, optabant redivivum nepotes; virum facili-
 tate & candore morum omnibus charum; amicitiae autem
 necessitudine paucis, sed ijs foedere juratissimo, astrictum;
 quem spectatissimus princeps Henricus intemeratae fidei
 servum, jactabundus olim Danus, aequissimum arrogantiae
 vindictam expertus est, pro avi tamen pacifico tenore,
 nusquam paranimio periculum invenit. Vertentibus annis
 usq; adeo de literis merui, ut non temere dixerim utrum
 plus Musae illum, an ille Musas exornaverit. Inter alias
 lectissimas dotes linguarum egregie donis pollebar; pra-
 caeteris autem: Hebraicum pulchre sermonem calluit, qui
 aurea clavi, ad interiora divinae sapientiae adyta felicissime
 penetravit. Hic est quem patria toties praesidium saluta-
 vit & dulce decus fuit; quem Parliamentum oratorem
 plane Ciceronianum agnovit, virum nempe bonum, di-
 cendi peritum. Vultis denuo luctuosum compendium?
 En jacet Patriae columen, Musarum deliciae, suo decus
 idem, & exprobratio ordini; consors mellitissimus, ami-
 cus perpetuus, praesentis dolor seculi, votum futuri. An-
 nos circiter quinquaginta numeravit; eratque penes satur
 dierum, quum serpens antea per membra languor sensim
 in gangrenam crevit. Ita tandem guttatim quasi, & per
 stillicidia moritur.

*Hinc illa lachryma; hinc Aluvine flumen utroque
 Labitur, atque novus Helicon fluit auctior undis.*

Ad D. I. I. Eq. Aur.

expositio.

Q Vin age Musa potens lugubres comprime quæstus,
Neve sinas faciles volitent dimissa per auras
Vota ingrata fatis : semperne agitare juvabit;
Effusa in luctus toties pia viscera Matrum ?
Parce precor nostram nimis officiosa querelam
Fama referre, sacræ quæ fulgent Palladis arces,
Nostra sed & redimant tantos suspiria planctus.
Vosq; ô felices parili virtute Sorores !
Sat, vobis meminisse indultum, munere Divum
Indignam terra sobolem, cæloque tulisse
Maturam, ingenuis quoties virtutibus aucta
Tantarum rostris curis succumbere Matrum.
Sic, abiit celebris noster Salopius, acri
Vividus ingenio, mediocria temnere satiræ,
Iamq; potitus erat summis, & cæteris, æquo
Numine perrexit magnorum prædere sedes
Heroum superas, nostro non amplius ullo
Indigus auxilio, nec munere ditior ullo :
Quo nostram deffere licet, non vertere sortem,
Emeriti memorare licet, non vertere sortem.

Rich. Skapton Trin. Coll. Can.

B 3

Epica

Epicedium.

Quisquis es, huc oculos animumq; adverte viator,
Quam lustras damno terra beata tuo est.
Depositum cernis Cottoni grande, bilustri
Hoste fatigati corporis exuvias.
Durius est letho lethi genus; aucta dolorum
Vinciâ catenatam flemus in Iliadem.
Tene velut Trojam Musis et Apolline plenam:
Tene decernali deditione capi?
Scilicet exemplis nostra ætas indiget; illud,
Non cuiusq; datum est discere, triste pati.
Vilius ô superi saperemus: sæcula tanti
Non est molliem dedocuisse suam.
Parva Promethæo scintilla abstitit ab igne,
Pectora quâ nobis qualiacunq; calent.
Phœbeum Cottone tibi verum indidit æstum,
Nec superingesto flamma sepulta luto est.
Suadaq; flexanimam suffundens nectare linguam,
Erubuit donis obstupuitq; suis.
Te Graius numerosus, Arabs, Romanus, et erro
Iudæus patrio crederet ore loqui.
Carcer compositum tibi, dissimulasset Achillem,
Aptasses ocreas cruribus, Hector eras.
Vivida pulvereæ nudasses membra palestra,
Impar Herculeos sensit arena pedes.
Vidimus haud dudum promptum in certamina Dartum,
Vidimus; opprobrio terra Britannatuo.
Curriculo luctaq; Anglos dum provocat omnes,
Invēnit nullos ira pudorve pares.
Non tulit opprobrium Cottoni conscia virtus,
Et mentem antiqui strinxit imago jugi.

Excipit

Excipit audentem solus Cottomus utroq;
Victricem lauro cingit utrâq; comam.
Immoror exiguis; superas numerumq; fidemq;
Hoc deerat, tumulo te superesse tuo.
Fata viam inveniunt non exorata, inodumq;
Heu Cottone tuis ingeniosa malis.
Non podagram incusas, non spasma, domesticus humor
Tabida nec proprijs viscera merfit aquis.
Nascitur exemplo, cariturus nomine morbus,
Membra ligans nervis illaqueata suis.
Sic tua signa Myron spiranti fusa metallo,
Phidiasq; rigent marmora sculpta manu.
Sic vivâ tumularis humo; pro marmore corpus,
Pro titulis vox est officiosa tibi.
Accedunt medici, succosq; herbasq; potentes
Nequicquam metâ solis utrâq; ferunt.
Fatidici interea scitarum oracula cœli
Mittit, inutilibus thema abacusq; notis.
Mercurius Marq; ille tuus quibus imputat astris,
Quo caput & caudam myficus anguis agit.
Quod sceleris pretium est; aspectus, an oscula Lamæ;
Falciferum exactum imperiosa senem.
Quo Venus est amplexa Iovem vultuq; domoq;
Antrorsum celeres versa, retrove pedes.
Ergone debemus miseri ludibria fati?
Hoc deerat tumulo te superesse tuo.
Quin vos pastores præsentia numina Musas
Qui colitis, Chami quâ fluit unda; mejs.
Surgite: Apollineas ut Pareas miseris artes;
Deq; triumphatâ carne superbiat.
Dicite laude virum majorem: carmina dissest
Inspirata Deo dediticisse moris.

picte sue
imagis Cor-
poris ad
scripsit hoc
apothegma.
Servare an-
tis, eternare
non est.

Ah pudet ad gelidam quod Iulas exulat Arcton.
Dispudet, ingrato rusticus harret agro.
Hircus olens stygiam villosa pelle mephritim
Inter lanigeras dux male factus oves,
Limus, iniqua tuens, rufus, pede truncus, Iulam
Dudum Chame tuis hircus abegit aquas.
Ille apothegma tuum Cortone absterlerit olim,
Fors delebilibus scriptum apothegma notis.
Phoebe fave; regeram. Non est servare medentis,
Æternare artis sed modulantis opus.

*Samuel Saxil. Ebor. olim
Coll. Regal. Cantab. Socius.*

Cottone, famæ buccina nupera
Inflata Chamum propter, & Isidem,
Lamenta Musarum nivalem
Attulerat propè fossa ad Arcton.
Sensi: supinam mox calor æmulus
Accendit aurem; quem propè jam cinis
Obduxerat, dudum sopitus
Pectoris igniculus revixit.
Mundi patentis contrahit incolas
Cognata virtus, lege potentior
Nexuque natura, & verenda
Hospitij socialis arâ.
Sic inquietâ cuspide verticem
Scrutantur orbis, ferrea fascino
Secretiori quotquot acta
Herculeus lapis excitavit.

Audin.

Audis' sorores Picris lyris
Doctis ut aperte carmina, data stupet
Attentus acri, tardus unaris
Et tacitam respiciat urnam?
Hæc robur effert Herculeo prius,
Ast illa linguam Nestoreæ parem,
Hæc candidatum ornat, decorum
Concilio carit hæc receptum.
Quenam illa dirâ rupe Promethea
Tanquam illigatum quæ queritur proci,
Dicamne tentantem trementi
Carmina Melpomenen labello?
O voti Apollo si faceret rem,
Dilecta virgo te modo te sequor,
Artésque suspiro, capresso
Funereâ caput implicatus.
At nostra chordas dissociabiles
Causata, par est ut chelys excubet
Suspensa, & accentus decentes
Consimili geminet susurro.

*Me quoque pectoris
Tenuis in dulci juvenis
Fervor, & in numero labem
Miser & avillam.*

NAm memini, quoties promisso obstrictus, adrem
Salopiam Cottone tuam, visurus amicum,
Infaustum! toties agrè membra agra trahentem,
Aut lecto affixum penitus, me offendere jussit
Fortunæ lex dura meæ: depaverat artus
Nam segnis torpor (nimium me notior hospes

Sed gratus minùs) hic per multos reptilis annos
Struxerat infidias languenti, haud ausus aperto
Marte agere, aut nuda incertamen surgere fronte
Mille per anfractus, per mille volumina, sese
Insinuat, tandemq; usum manuumq; pedumq;
Abstulit, heu ! sic illa manus tam docta figuris
Sensa animi varijs signare, ancilla magistri
Fida, animi interpres facunda, atq; inter amicos
Absentes sola internuncia, victa dolore,
Muta silet : sic, saltandi pes ille magister,
Luctandiq; frequens spolijs, sub pondere longi
Succumbit morbi, nulloq; senescit in usus.
O fragiles hominum spes ! & fluxa omnia ! ut ille
Quem Princeps Henricus, ovans, plaudente Theatro
Vidit, & invicti domitorem Regia Dani,
Nec senio fractus, studijs nec victus (& illis
Si victus, vincendus erat) tam ignobile haberet
In vivis funus ; sed cum, invictissimus, ictus
Morbi omnes animo tuleris, vulnq; sereno,
Parcius ista. Lues jam devastaverat omnes
Excubias animæ, & vincendi certior, arces
Aggreditur cordis, cerebriq; (illæsa manebant
Nobiliora) patent aditus, atq; undiq; tabes
Festinat trepido portam in vasura tumultu.
Sed virtus immota, & cedere nescia morbi
Viribus unius, pugnantem summovet hostem.
Ecce scelus ! gangrena venit, junctaq; phalange
Eumenidum comitata, novat pugnamq; fugamque.
Tunc opus infidus, & dum loca singula lustrat
Opportuna, subitæ cæcas sinuosa latebras
Qua via prona neci, furumq; illabitur hostis.
Vincitur invictus, nam mens, diviniore auras

Particula, in cœlum niveis mox evolat alis.
Sic cecidit magnus virtutis signifer, unus
Inter Apollineas dignus qui floreat umbras.

Joh. Leetson Eques.

auratus Ebor.

In Obitum Nobilissimæ Spectatissimæque Viri

Rolandi Cotton Equitis aurati,

Salopienfis.

FAmâ quis istac dignus, artibus tantis
Ornatus obiit, scire si cupis, dicam.

Rolandus Ille nobilissimus Cotton

Salopienfis civis optimus terræ,

Virtutibusne major an perantiquæ

Honore gentis splendidisque Majorum

Titulis vetustam proferentibus virgam.

Regalis olim sydus inclytum cœli,

Et Aulicarum gnarus arbiter rerum;

Ingenti Achates expetitus Henrico,

Acri bonorum judici malorumque,

Et perspicaci laudis æstimatori.

Huic fidus hæsit integerque, nec quisquam

Majore Dominum profecutus est curâ,

Hoc dum bearet vivus & vivens regnum :

Majore Dominum profecutus est luctu,

Cum morte raptus corda terruit hostra;

Orbamque liquit servientium turbam.

Hinc lucis osor, Aulicoque splendore

Satiatus umbram quæsiit, voluptati

Tenacibusque terga præbuit nugis,

Et inter ipsos Patriz suæ fines
Ducebat annos usquequaq; felices,
Doctos, beatos, candidos, pios, seros.
Lumen futuris, dignitalque defunctis,
Æqui bonique strenuissimus fautor,
Vitiꝝ fugator maximus : sibi constans,
Suis benignus, graciosus externis,
Vbique gratus. Cumq; per Suburbanum
Dulci quietus otio fruebatur,
Pietate primum, deinde candidum puris
Animum colebat literis : sui plenus
Nil æstuabat, nil timebat, aut sese
Quærebat extra, solidus ac teres rotas.

Hunc tam potenti : siste sed gradum, Musa,
Fas ire non est singulas per ambages,
Rudique tantum tabulâ viram pingi.
Sat est in isto si legatur exemplo
Rolandus Ille nobilissimus Cotton
Salopiensis civis optimus terræ.
Hoc si quid ultra dixerò, minus dicam.

Henricus Molle Col.

Regal. Cambr.

*In Obitum Nobilissimi Viri Domini
Rolandi Cotton.*

EXpers doloris, carminis venam sacri
Benignioris munus arcuum poli,
Nascique vates credidi : at famæ tuba
Cum triste sonuit nuncium, magnas tui
Cottone reliquias tenere brevem novulam,

Dum suffocaret lacrymas justus stupor,
 Et inviderem nobilem prædam rogo,
 Quod fors negarat, carmen invenit dolor.
 Severiores versuum nugas leves
 Damnent superbè; dum mihi nimium placent,
 Quòd flere vel siccos docent. Cum deficit
 Gemmatus imber, turbidis licet modis
 Animi dolores fundere, atque inconditis
 Cottonum lambis usque desilire. Impigrè
 Adeste, quotquot mentis ingenua facit
 Amatis, & non otioso nomine
 Pij bonique clivis; imbre non levi
 Rigate Cippum tam pio cineri datum;
 Geminatè Lessum strenuè, & threnodas
 Non fronte fictâ pangite. En fati jacet
 Manu peremptus invidâ, scientiæ
 Omnis patronus, cultor idemque optimus,
 Ordinis Equestris gloria, patriæ decus,
 Cottonus ingens! quem sacer mentis calor,
 Sapientiæ tritas male probans semitas,
 Per ardua & prærupta rapuit culmina.
 Arabum Syrumque scripta, quotquot syllabas
 Oriens severo prodidit nobis stylo,
 Quas doctiores vix legunt, nos sciola plebs
 Horremus ipsas literarum imagines,
 Is pertinaci sedulo volvens manu
 Victor subegit inelyrus; opima & tulit
 Spolia potente quæ ipse legit de troia.
 Heu dura lex fati, & nimis præpostera!
 Dum orientis amplis fervide gazas suis,
 Brevis est ad occasum ipse deductus finis.

In Amorem Ipsius erga Literatos omnes,

praesertim Theologos, & Probos.

Ridet Stultus Ineptias Inepti,
Et ridet Sapientiam Diserti;
Non fert Præsumptus Superbientem,
Non fert Præsumptus Modeste agentem;
Sordes odit Avarus ut Rapacis,
Sic odit quoque Liberalitatem:
Nam tradit speculum Pari intuenti
Par quisque, at speculum invenustus horret;
Datque opprobria Rectus intuenti
Curvo, opprobria sunt minus ferenda.
Quis Cottonus erat, quibus nitebat
Vel Virtutibus Artiumve gemmis,
Si vis noscere, quære quos amavit.

*In Studia ab Eo junctim posita in Literis
cum Humanis tum Divinis.*

Cottonus Christum quærens Hominemq; Deumque,
Vt Morum & Fidei sterneret ante viam,
Conjuncta Humanis Divina volumina volvit:
Sic Incarnata est Ars, imitando scopum.

*In omnigenam qua claruit Linguarum Peritiam,
præcipue Orientalium.*

Iterumne quisquam lampade accendet diem,
Lentumque radium Solis e Syrio toro
Manè evocabit, Verba scitatum? & sonos

Discet

Discet quot omnis fundit Orientis plaga,
Vnum ut silentium tot Ora comprimat ?
Globus ille vivis & Babel intelligens
Cottonus occidit ; ille sic vocum sciens,
Ut Vbique natus, junctus aut Soli Comes,
Aut Entheatus ; Ille (quis credat ?) tacet.
Quid ergo prodest posse laudari Virum
Tot Fistularum ac ipse callebat modis ?
Hac Arte vivet ? Ite Linguarum omnium
Avidi quot estis, anxio vocum petu
Gravate loculos ; ite, sed cognoscite
Fore mille Linguis non nisi Vnum Spiritum.

*Guil. Strode SS. Theol. Bac.
Eccles. Cathed. Christi,
& Ox. Acad. Orator publicus.*

*Ad Cottonum omnium cum dolore
defunctum.*

Qui flemus, canimusque tuæ præconia laudis,
Turba quidem Varum, sed pia turba fumus.
Si tu vixisses, calamo celebrarier uno
Et poterat Virtus, Ingeniumque tuum :
Nunc opus est numero, totoque Helicone, Poetas
Quotquot sunt omnes vix satis esse reor.
Sic cum Sol abiit, Stellæ quanquam agmine juncto
Ostendunt tremulas & sine luce faces.
At flemus, canimusque tuæ præconia laudis ;
Ah feriat verus pectori nostra calor !
Descendat scintilla tua & vivior ignis,
Et dignum fama carmen habeto tua.

Sin aliter, carmen te dignum spondeo nullum,
Quicquid te dignum est, id decet esse tuum.
At pietas, si non doctos in marmore luctus,
Inscribet lachrimas officiosa suas.
Forſan ut hæ lachrimæ facras lavere favillas,
Multaque ſit cineri Guttula miſta tuo.
His ex reſſiquiſ tristes monumenta Camæne,
Et Mauſolæis nobiliora dabunt.

Ad Hoſpitales Cottoni ades.

Propitijque Lares, & ſacrum limen egenis,
Clauſaque vix unquam janua Pauperibus,
Dicite, quor miſeros Cottoni ſportula fovit!
(Tanta illi pietas, tam ſuit ampla manus.)
Dicite vos miſeri (quibus, illo morte perempto,
Incipiet ſolito notior eſſe Fames)
Quis veſtrum, quod ſpiret adhuc, non debuit illi?
Quis vos fatorum faucibus eripuit?
At quàm fruſtrâ hominum pietas? ſervâſſe dolendum eſt
Poſſe alijs vitam, non potuiſſe ſibi.
Sed numeroſa cohors inopum Cottonæ ſequetur,
Et cadet ad tumulum victima macra tuum.

In multiplicem Cottoni in Linguis peritiam,

Mirabar cur ſanta diu tam muta ſileret,
Ederet & nullos buccina rauca ſonos.
Te Cottonæ ſacras ornantem exaudivit artes,
(Nec fuerat linguâ dulcior Hyblatua)
Audierat reſonantem Arabumque, Hebræaque verba,
Et quæ Chaldæa ſigna notata manu.

Audijt

Audijt & Græcos etiam vibrare lepores,
Et, quo Romanus fulminat ore, loqui.
Conticuit, non ausa suam committere linguam,
Nunc, cum tu taceas, incipit illa loqui.
O quantum de te, quantum facunda loquetur,
Cum jam sit voces Gloria docta tuas?

In Manus ejus morbo languidas.

DOcta sacras artes æternis credere chartis
Vtilis heu Domino, desijt esse manus.
Non opus est manibus, tua ne monumenta perirent
Velle equidem cunctos credo cavere Deos.
Eriperet suavem Zephyrus dictantis ab ore
Aut illo si quæ mollior aura sonum.
Ipsa Venus ceras, atque Hermes ipse pugillar
Ferret, & auratum mellea suada stilum.
Sirenes, Charitesque, & dulcia numina Musæ
Aptarent agiles ad tua pensa manus.

In Pedes eodem morbo laborantes.

Cerneret ut Phœbus (Cottono numen amicum)
Olim tam celeres diriguisset pedes
Ingenuit, sed verba tamen solantia dicens,
Ne Cottone, inquit, ne mea cura dole;
Sume meos currus, istas ascende quadrigas,
Si placet, alatum solus habebis equum.
Vel te fama suis tollet per sydera pennis,
Quæ loca non poteras exuperâsse pedes.

*Ad Danum quem Cottonus olim iudicis
saltando exuperavit.*

SAltat Cottonus? Charites aluisse putares,
Cum loquitur Musas lac tribuisse suum.
Tunè igitur tantum & tam multæ dotis alumnum
Posse putas unquam succubuisse tibi?
Impar congressus, nec certas viribus æquis,
Huic animus, tantum sunt tibi Dane pedes.
Nescis quam celer est, manibus pedibusque laborans.
Pervenit Saltu nuper in Astra suo.

*In Pias Cottoni Ejaculationes paulo
ante Obitum.*

NOstis quanta fuit nostræ facundia Vitæ,
At nostræ Mortis (credite) major erat.
Quanta utriusque fuit vultis cognoscere? posset
Illa movere Homines, ista movere Deum.

Tho. Randolph. Cant.

*In Obitum Spectatissimi Viri Rolandi
Cotton Equitis Aurati.*

EX quo sydere à terrestrem providus Aula,
Henrice, commutaveras
Perpetuisque tuos damnaras luctibus Anglos,
Ascriptus albo cœlium,
Non dilecta prius potuere palatia curas
Lenire Cottono tua;

Non

Non huic Regales perstringere lumina pompæ,
Viræve splendor Aulicæ:
Dulcia Musarum secedit in otia mœstus
Vmbraque literariam;
Atque Aris reliquos & Musis devovet annos,
Aulæ solutus fascino.
His demum ad canos postquam invigilaverat, inter
Salopienſes inclytus,
Is terræ dudum gratiſſimus incola, cœli
Renunciatur municeps.
Debira ſed nobis lamenta, ſuique reliquit
Perenne deſiderium.

Nicolaus Habart Col.

Regal. Capitab.

*Pie Memoria Inſigniffimi Viri Rolandi Cottoni
Equitiſ Salopienſis Sacrum.*

DVm Robur inde, & inde Conſilium tuum,
Cottonè, pendo, quæ maritali benè
Confuſa lege particeps hodus ligat,
Hinc me Palæſtra Mercuri, hinc Animus movet,
Oculumq; eundem Synodus, atq; Agmen vocat.
Iniurioſa fuſtè Privatus loquitur
Tantum moleſtè ſedulus: Dotes tuas
Proceres loquantur, quantus aſurgens Togam
Frænare poteras, Vnus haud Turbâ minor;
Populus loquatur, quantus infirmæ undique
Te ſubdiſti Patriæ, quantus tuo
Res temperaſti Calculo, ſandi ſciens,

Dum sana semper consulens demum fidem
Orbi Britanno feceris quosdam esse adhuc
Delphos loquaces, Ista fortunæ tute
Sat digna studia, textiles docto pede
Miscere gressus, Steamata repetere atque Avos,
Tacitumque jam Britannum, & Ingenuo creant
Quæcunque curas Serico; inhonestæ tibi
Habita Litræ: Meta conatus tuos
Traxit severa, dum vigil multum labor
Mosen Lycurgo miscet, & Lapidem sacrum
Tabulis profanis jungit. Haud altæ deest
Par Lingua Mentis ponderi: prædâ integrâ
Gravis, Orientis inter advectas opes
Verba retulisti, quos Vix dirimunt, locos
Jungens loquelâ; tot tamen Linguis nihil
Celasse fraudis sedulus: simplex fides,
Interque varios Oris exculti sonos
Fuit unus animus, pervius semper tuis.
Afflicta Voces Musa nè centum roget,
Centumve Vates postulent Linguas; brevè
Arctare discant Vota, poscendo tuam.
Sed fata nolo garrulus damnet labor;
Vbi perière verba, non fari decet;
Aptus silendo debet ostendi dolor.

*Guil. Cartwright, Art. Bac.
Eccles. Cathedr. Christi
Oxon.*

*In Obitum Clarissimi Viri Rolandi Cottoni Salopienſis
Equitis aurati. Animi pariter Corporiſq; dotibus
inſtructiſſimi, linguarum Orientalium pe-
ritiâ aliis imbuti : quem decennali
obſitum paralyſi ſuperuenienti gan-
grana expugnavit.*

T Ardias inſolitos pandunt ſuſpiria leſſus
Noſtra, nec ignotum quodvis de plebe feretrum
Rorant lachrymis : Cottoni cogimur umbra
Deſuetos revocare modos, penſoque perulo
Cottono injuſſæ feſtinant juſta ſorores,
Cui tantum debere ſciunt ; nec inhospita Muſis
Horreſcunt tacito committere nomina buſto,
Quæ loqueretur Aram, Panchaia ſereret, & Indum
Quæ gens cunq; bibit, naſcentis conſcia Phœbi :
Hic ſtudijs, hic, meta ſuis ; non ſufficit illi
Cecropiam Latiamque ſimul duxiſſe Minervam ;
Ibit in amplexus, multâ ſtipata ſorore
Hebraïs, Eoæ regnatrici Diva loquelæ,
Fundere quadruplici diſtinctas murmure voces
Docta, licet noſtris auditas rariis oris :
Quicquid Arabs, Solymiq; ſenes, vel prodiga ſciis
Gens Chaldaea ſonat Syrio cognata colono,
Noverat ; hircos nec ſunt ſua myſtica verpis ;
Cottono referant patent ; non pectore in uno
Perſia depoſitæ quicquid adverſatur Idume.
His anima eſt dotata bonis : nec clauit heros
Corpore i virtute minor ; ſeu torquet huſtam,
Seu curſum paret, aut luſtam tentare lacerto
Luxuriante toris placuit, ſeu poplite ſtriſſo
Saltaret valido firmatus membra decora ;

Non tantum rectore suo cognomine turgent
Neustria, Rolandum patriæ quam sylva Salopæ
Insonuit, crebro streperi dum verberare plausus
Cæsareæ crepuere fores; Cottonia virtus
Henrico innotuit, qui se dilexit in illo;
(Heu nimis indignus properato funere Princeps!)
Vel de plebe virum reputans ad prælia natum
Augustos meruisse lares, non sustinet ultra
Cottonum non esse suum; cui Cimbrica pubes
Decantata fatis, spolijs saturata suorum,
Cederet invitam saltatu victa coronam.
Impudet haud parvum fato jactantior Hellas
Quod non Cottonum seclo produxerit isto
Quo Nemeæus ager, tenero reptatus Ophelti,
Incaluit sudore ducum, bimarisque Corinthi
Portus amœbææ resonabile mugijt Eccho,
Quo vel palma Jovis viguit vel Delphica laurus;
Huic omnis cessisset honos; suffecerat unus
Pindaricam lassare chelyn; si sistere contra
Concessum, haud facilem Diophon retulisset olivam;
Pythia non aliam cinxisset laurea frontem.

Quis responsuras neget in certamina vires
Invida prolixi quas non molimina morbi
Non annis domuere decem; luxata fatiscant
Membra licet, non lapsa ruunt; dum jungere vires
Constituens Gangræna suas, quod sola nefandum
Erubuit sperare nefas, sociata peregit;
Sic me, Cottonum sic, formidabile serpens
Invasit, fandique vias præcludit utrique.

Gerardus Langbaine
Regis. Oxon.

*In Obitum Rolandi Cottoni Equitis
Aurasi Salopienfis.*

Virtutum serie quid nuncia fama tumescit ?
Quid memorat fatum nuncia fama tuum ?
Vndè prius sumet numerosa Panegyris ortum ?
Aut exorsa loqui dic ubi sistet opus ?
Num Genus aut Corpus, Linguamve Idiomate multo
Ditatam, aut Vires, Ingeniumque canet ?
An decus Armorum gestis civilibus auctum ?
Aut Musis faciles quæ patuere fores ?
Obruimur numero, nudos tua copia reddit :
Non capimus Dotes parvula turba tuas.
At licet extinctas incarceration urna favillas,
Non eadem laudes obruet urna tuas.
Entibicorda damus, monumenta perennia luctûs,
In saxum occasu pænè gelata tuo.

*Guil. Loveledg,
Eccl. Christi Ox.*

In Cottoni feretrum.

Quam justo ô fastu lignum fatale tumeres,
Divitias si scire tuas, pompamque daretur,
Quamque tegis gemmam fælix nimis arcula ? cerno
Appensas feretro Grantæque ac Ifidos undas :
O quam non vellem sic convenisse sorores ?
Sic, sic congressas utraq; in funere Athenas ?

Epitaphium.

Hoc jacet in tumulo Cottonus, cætera mitto,
Hoc nomen longi Carminis instar erit.

G. W. Joannensis Oxon.

*In Verba Tabellæ Illustrissimi Viri Domini
Rolandi Cotton affixa.*

Pulvis Arte servatus.

EN qui pulvis eram medicâ servatus ab arte,
Dissipor afflatu, Mors truculenta, tuo.
Æternos potuit non ars mihi reddere soles,
Nec tollit, quamvis prorogat, herba necem.
Non vixi, at tantum dormivi Mortis in umbrâ,
Ceus patitur gelidis tristis hirundo nives.
Mors mihi principium vitæ, nam spiritus astra
Cum scandit, quis me vivere ritè neget ?
Vivo, nec infirmæ passurus tædia vitæ;
Et datur æternos posse videre dies.
Non est artis æternare.

*Sam. Brigges, Col.
Regal. Cant. Soc.*

*In Obitum Dignissimi Viri Rolandi Cotton
Salopiensis Equitis aurati.*

TE quamvis tacitè Mater Natura resolvit,
Irrepsitque oculis insidiosa quies,
Nos tetigit (Cottone) dolor, qui prædia Phœbi
Sedibus incolimus turba remota tuis :
Nos dolor invasit, nec si tu fama taceres,
Non sua sentiret vulnera docta cohors.
O laceres Elegeia comas, sic pectora plangas,
Vt Mors invidiæ non patiatur onus.

Qualis

Qualis erat ! Pylias dignus transcendere metas,
Æqualesque Polis, syderibusque dies.
Cum tamen ille suos tantum post liquerat annos,
O quam maturo funere raptus erat !
Purpureâ miror non hunc cecidisse juventâ,
Sic quoque crediderant fata fuisse senem.

*Car. Mason Col.
Regal. Cantabr.*

*In Obitum Nobilissimi Spectatissimique Viri
Rolandi Cotton Equitis aurati,
Salopiensis.*

Vestrum est, Poetæ, carmine mystico
Dijs imperare & sydera findere,
Nè debitam menti merenti
Differat ullus obex coronam.

En ansa vobis (heu nimis obvia)
Vestris cothurnis scena perennior
Cottonus, altis vindicandus
Vorticibus rapientis orci.

Et fas sit inter tot mihi buccinas
Miscere furtim Pindaricos modos,
Virtus enim Cottoniana
Alta fuit, sed ut alta suavis.

Jam negligas certamina Pindari;
Ac absque cantu potest Anacreon;
Dum Flaccus urget; frange chordas
Docta modos, lyra, digniores.

D

Cottonus

Cottonus ! (oh flores cito crescite,
Et per manipulos, relliquia ut sacra
Vrnam beantes conregantur
A manibusq; oculisq; vulgi.)

Cottonus ! (oh nunc germinet aureus
Narcissus, adfit flos Hyacinthus, et
Quicumque tandem anigma solves
Nomina regia scripta gestans.)

Cottonus ! (infelix rancientia
Interque rupto commate dissona
Hos mitte singultus : doloris
Defluat ambrosius imber.)

Cottonus alto stemmare splendidus,
At major ex virtutibus infitis,
Vixit catenis illigatus
Membra suis, tumulo superstes.

Templum patronum, nec minus hospitem
Desiderat, Respublica syndicum,
Oraculum perplexa juris
Scita, scientia diva mystam.

Altare friget muneris indigum,
Terrent lacunar moesta anathemata
Suspensa Cottonitrophæa
Et Labaro invidet undulanti.

Seculi prophanis moribus absonus.
Cœlo tributum tollere nolui,
Legisque mucrone impudentis
Christicolam jugulare legem.

Divos & aras mittere collybo
Duxit profanum, & dividuas dare
Dijs victimas, quod certe ad aram
Sacrificare suum bifulcam est.

Et quod coronat plus satis omnia,
Henricus orbis deliciæ & decus
Ascripsit aulæ, ecce omnia isto
Intuitu referenda cernis.

Chartis ut in coelestibus assolet
Dum docta per compendia pingitur
Conclusus astrorum micante
Innumero chorus asterissimo.

At quid? filenda est rara scientia
Linguarum? ut una deficeret modo
Quâ Numinis ter-sancti honores
Concelebrat chorus Angelorum?

Nunc ausa magno grandia spiritu
Molitur, audax sydera scandere,
Vt discat accentus beatos
Additus ordinibus Deorum.

Has exochas sed buccina vindicat,
Quæ spiritu tenso æthera percutit,
Chordis caveto, quas remitti
Tutius est Lyræ, quam refringi.

Egregio Viro Domino Rolando Cotton

Sacrum,

Quod Monumenta non indigeat.

TVribimet Monumentum cui inuideant marmora,
Oraculum Themidis Deæ, Phœbi satur,
Fautor Togatæ gentis, Linguarum Penus,
Nestor Consilio; ô utinam & annos Nestoris.
Vixisses capitis ipsâ pruinâ virens!
Terris fulxisti Stella; cur Fato cadens?
Ni quod tam lucidum Cœli arderent jubar.
Quid ergo Musæ Tumulo sat dignum tuo
Voveant? hoc Epitaphium. En hic Cottonus jacet.

Guil. Flathers Cant. S. S. Th.

Bac. Col. Sidn. Socius.

In Obitum Nobilissimi Viri Rolandi Cotton

Equitis Aurati.

QVi bene sed breve vixit, habet quo fila sororum
Arguat & tristis jura severa Jovis;
Sic Hector periit, sic Larissæus Achilles,
Hinc est tot lachrymis quod riget ora Thetis.
Qui malè sed longum vixit, quo tempora vitæ,
Non quo Parcarum stamina culpet, habet;
Thersites superest quanta percunte caterva
Teucridos ad muros & Simoentis aquas.
Qui bene qui longum vixit, nec tempora vitæ,
Stamina nec trinæ damnet avara Deæ.
Sic tu vixisti, sic tu Cottono peristi,
Felix tam sero hoc quod fuit, idque bene.

Rob. Coke Col. Reg. Cant.

*In Obitum Rolandi Cottoni Equitis
Aurati Salopienfis.*

NE fortè lateat quis sub hoc tumulto latet
Istac volentes præterire posteros :

Cottonianos marmora hîc cineres premi
Facile indicat ; sed plura famæ liberæ
Vox alta clarè resonat ingenti tubâ.
Præclara quicquid vendicat sibi indoles,
Inesse quicquid mente generosa solet
Prudentiæ, candoris, aut facundiæ,
Probitatis, artis, atque fortitudinis,
Cottonus insigne viguit compendium.
Hunc alium Vlysses celsa novit curia,
Comitia fido sunt posita Nestore ;
Fallereque nescium patria ut Apollinem,
Salopia sacrum consuluit Oraculum.
Non illi erat fesso labore corporis
Curæ videre dissitas terræ plagas,
Spectabat altiora mentis enthea
Vis, & remotis animus in cœlis erat.

Quò ne rudis veniret, aut fari inscius,
Idioma novit cœlitum, linguam sacram;
Et pioniorem sterneret ut sibi viam,
Qui jussa Domini voce veridicâ ferunt.
Honore Legatos veneratus debito,
Operum bonorum tesseræ huc addidit.

His ille tandem instructus adminiculis,
Quemvis dolore faucibus longo foret,
Nullo indigebat prorsus auxilio pedum ;

Sed Angelorum, corpore exuto, citis
Evectus alis, carpsit ad cœlos iter.
Hinc non redire curat; at gaudet magis
Illic amicos præstolarier suos.

*Gnalt. Stonehouse S.S. Th. Bac. Ox.
Rell. Mediet. Eccles. de
Darfield Ebor.*

*Memoriae Insignissimi Viri Rolandi Cotton
Equitis Salopiensis.*

Quod vigili inspexit Cottonus lumine chartas,
Chartas extincto transmittunt undiq; Vates;
Munera defuncto non candidiora. Inventæ
Limen promisit vestigia magna futuræ
Indolis, & vicere fidem primordia vitæ;
Progressu simili serum maturior ævum
Translegit; crevit meritum, & cum tempore fama:
Juncta Fides paribus, socialis copia mensæ,
Et lætam foribus dimittens sportula turbam,
Vis intenta sacris, famulis & amica sacrorum,
Et studium Probitatis & observantia Legum,
Consiliumq; sagax rebus civilibus aptum,
Hæc luctæ melioris erant, vitæque corona.
Non contenta ramen paucis succurrere Virtus
Aut uni populo, nixa est effundere mentem
Omnigeno celerem peregrinæ flumine Linguae,
Præsertim Eoræ; Cilices sibi junxit & Indos
Hebræos Arabasq; Syrosque, ut divite cultus
Veri incremento fieret sibi Patria Mundus,
Tandem Canitie splendens virtutis & annis;

Maturus

Maturus coelo moritur: Nil crede relictum
Quo crescat vivo majoris gloria famæ:
Iam satis indulgit vitæ; ni' culmen adisset
Virtutum, poterat nec jam succumbere morti.

*Fr. Powell, Eccles.
Christi Oxon.*

*In Obitum Spectatissimi Viri Rolandi
Cotton Equitis Aurati.*

DVm iusta sanctum solvere in funus tuum,
Et mea dolenti Musa singultu tuos
Extremum anhelans alloqui manes cupit,
Cottone, tristis nuncias fati Deas
Cœpit precari singulas, isthæc mea
Vt vota pullo candida exprimerent rogo.
Visa est silere tota protinus cohors:
Causam ipse tanti interrogo silentij.
Dicunt sepultum hictotius suadæ decus,
Et gloriam, nec posse jam Musas loqui
Sermone nam quæ sunt loquuta olim tuo
Cottone, defuncto silent omnes Deæ.
At una mœstis quæ dicata nenijs
Nonnulla cupiens plangere ad cineres tuos
Repente secum cogitans quot gentium
Mores & artes nove ras, quodque omnium
Linguis loquerere, Gentis omnis incola
Demissa vultum, clausit os silentio
Mavultque vel sic recta, quæ nullo queant
Suadæ fluentis exprimi mollescere
Vrnam quiescas Patriæ decus tuæ

Cui

Cui Musa tristis nulla novit pangere
Funebre cineribus tuis dignum melos
Sis tibi tuus vates tuum ipse epicedium.

R. B. Ox.

*In Obitum Rolandi Cotton Militis
Salopienfis.*

GRanta flet, Oxonium flet, fletque Salopia mortem,
Flet Plebs, Nobilitas flet, flet & Aula tuam.
Siccoculus quicumque legat vel saxeus esto :
Namque alius nemo qui legat esse potest.

Gaudete vos solum Invidi
Cottoneis virtutibus;
Et vos, ruinas Exteri
Qui Marte sensistis manu
Cottoneâ, lætemini :
Lætemini Vos proximi
Candore, vel dulcedine ;
Cottoneâ, Vestro nihil
Candore jam restat prius.

Iterum in Eundem.

COttonus quotus egit honos quis dicere possit ?
Quis ? facile est verbo dicere, Totus honos.

In Eundem Manus Pedesq; Paralyticum.

LAus tua dum superat nostros (Cottone) labores
Tu Pede nos mancos efficis atque manu.

H. Fitz-Geffry Ar.

*In Obitum D. Rolandi Cottoni cleri (dum in
vivi erat) nutritij.*

M Ira ferunt homines passim de Struthocamelo
Vera quidem, quamvis vix habitura fidem.
Concoquit (ut perhibent) chalybem; sed credere fas est
Oesophagum sacros posse vorare bolos?
Devoret has Gurgēs, sed quas vorat, evomet escas;
Turba profana nequit tam sacra digerere.
Noluit hic cleri nutritor sancta vorare
Prædia, & in prædam vertere sacra suam.
Norat nempe quibus decepti rebus hærent
Sacrilegi fures, queis aliena placent.
Si non vitasset laqueos quos struxerat hostis,
Qui potuit superas vinculus adire domos?

E. Bell. SS. Th. B.

S. S. C.

Ad utramque Academiam.

M Iraculum ingens, ut dolor unicus
Cottonus orbis cum occideret, modo,
Pullata turma, utræque Athenæ
In numeros abiere mæstos,

Altum dolentes; at modulamine
Delinientes, docta epicedia
Audivimus quotquot Brigantum
Continuos habitamus Alpes.

Audivimus: nec gravior aëra
Permulsit afflatus, Philomela cum
Singultit insons, aut propinqui
Augur olor niveus sepulchri.

(d)

Nec

Nec cum novatâ sylva virens comâ

Ciet loquaces alituum choros

Et vere plenos insolentes

In modulos saliente lingua.

Quêis pronus amnis sistitur impetus,

Ventique ponunt murmura, quês graves

Sanantur auræ quas resorbet

In vacuo basiliscus antro.

Cœli lacunar sydereum novus

Sed rumor implet: quo hospite cœlites

Sancti triumphant: quo recepto

Tam celebres agitant choreas?

Cottonus ille est, ille Academicis

Evectus alis, nunc Academicos

Prospectat æternæ recensens

Participes comitesque vitæ.

Et jam perennis compos adoret

Stellisque frontem cinctus eburneam

In vota numen pro futuris

Sollicitat precibus secundum;

Vt quos honoris flammeoli tubas

Habet, solutus corporeo iugo

Inter futuros consodales

Perpetuum canat Allelujah.

Solvissè grates sic meritas amat

Divina virtus, sicque rependere

Vicem laborum, non inani

Pondere luteoli metalli.

Ioh. Iackson Eq. Aur. Ebor.

VOTIVUM.

E Lisiij nemoris ter fœlix incola, cujus
Ad cineres mœstæ, pullatoque agmine, Musæ,
Et quot Musarum coluere sacraria, gaudent
Prægnantes lachrimarum oculos effundere, si quis
Restat adhuc sensus nostræ pietatis, amoris,
Officiij, obsequij, dum te celebrare, tuasque
Tantæ animæ dotes (divina ut munera, amoris
Divini indicia, & spirantia signa) nepotes
Nitimur ad seros transferre, interprete pennâ,
Suscipe de grato stillantia pectore Vota,
Mente pari, vultuque pari, qua nostra solebas
Omnia, dum patrijs regnares vivus in oris.

*Ioh : Jackson Eques
Auræ. Ebor.*

E

[illegible]

John Jacob Astor

TO THE VERTVOVS AND NOBLE LADY,

the Lady Cotton.

TIs not to force more teares from your sad eye
That wee write this, that were a Pietie
Turn'd guilt and sinne; we only begge to come,
And pay due tribute to his sacred Tombe.
The Muses did diuide his love with you,
And justly therefore may be Mourners too.
Instead of Cypresse, they have brought fresh Bayes
To crowne his Vrne, and every dirge is praise.
But since with him the learned tongues are gone,
Necessitie here makes us use our owne.
Reade, in his praise your owne you cannot misse,
For he was but our wonder, you were his.

Tho. Randolph.

An Elegie upon the Death of the noble Knight,
SIR ROVVLAND COTTON,

Romes ravenous Eagle kept the world in awe
Grip'd in her Talons, we receiv'd her Law.
In her owne language, why should English-men
Doate on the badges of our Conquests then?
Our Lions and our bloody Crosse are knowne
Farther than ere Romes Eagles yet have flowne.
Our Men of Warre have scarce resistance found,
Though with *Apollo* they have gone the round,
Greece lent the world her rules of Eloquence,
For all derive their Criticismes from thence.
I faine would see a Fancie were so rich
The English language could not reach his pitch.
Let that man undertake, for only he
Is fit to write Great *Swedens* Elegie,
And this good Mans; it were too great a glory
To my weake Muse to write deare *Cottons* story..
'Twere Arrogance in me, nay an Offence
The Greeke, the Roman, English Eloquence
Could not excuse, it is too much for me
To name that name makes this an Elegie.

Francis Wortley Kt.

Remem-

Remembrances of the Renowned
Knight, Sir Rowland Cotton of Bella-
port in Shropshire,
Concerning his Agility of Body, Tongue,
and Mind.

Renowned Champion full of wrestling Art,
And made for victory in ev'ry part,
Whose active Limbes, oyl'd Tongue, and vertuous Mind
Subdu'd both Foe and Friend, the Rough and Kind,
Yea ev'n Thy-selfe, and thy Diseases too,
And All but Death (which won with much adoe
And shall at last be vanquish'd,) Where are now
Those brawny Armes that crush'd the Dane? and how
Doe All thy Languages to Silence turne?
Babel's undifferenc'd by the speechlesse Vrne.
What use of Wisedome now, to mold the state
Where All are Equall? to appease debate
Where All doe sleepe? sowe dangers to fore-fend
When Spite hath done her worst and dangers end.

Had Death a Body like the Danes or Thine,
Th'adst beene Her death; if humane Eares like mine,
Thy Tongues had charm'd them; if a Heart to love,
Each Quality of thine a Dart might prove.

One Beame thou living hadst of Eminence,
And still in Use, left here and carried hence,
Immortall Love; as busie now as then;
There fixt on God, yet here intwin'd with Men;
That makes Thee pray for Us, Us write for Thee,
Joynes Heaven and Earth in one Fraternity.

Love sayes thy Fall's not desperate : a Fall :
That hopes for Rising. Waite but for a Call,
And thou shalt rise (summon'd with Champion sound,
Anteus like, more strong from under Ground.

On the Death of Sir ROWVLAND
COTTON, *seconding that of*
Sir ROBERT.

More *Cottons* yet ? O let not envious Fate
Attempt the Ruine of our growing State.
O had it spar'd Sir *Rowland*, then might wee
Have almost spar'd Sir *Roberts* Library.
His Life and th'others Bookes taught but the same ;
Death kills us twice in blotting twice one Name.
Give Him, and take those Reliques with consent ;
Sir *Rowland* was a Living Monument.

Will: Strode.

To the memory of the Right Worthy
and generally lamented Gentleman,
Sir ROWVLAND COTTON
of Bella-port in Shropshire
Knight.

VHen common Sirs decline, fall sicke, and dye,
Perhaps some whining Poets Elegie
(Whose needy lines, in ragged language drest,
Are but sad-spoken Beggars at the best)

Waites

Waites on the hearſe : But when the nobler ſtraine
Of Muſes in their ſaddeſt tunes complaine,
And preſſe their ableſt forces to redeeme
Something uſurp'd by Death, it well may ſeeme
'Tis not a ſlight engagement thus puts on ;
Ther's ſomewhat more than bare Sir *Rowland* gone,
Though even that name, ſince his, doth ſeeme to have
Somewhat that ſhould not ſtoope into a grave ;
But 'tis the Man we weepe, whoſe reall worth
Honour'd his honour, ſet his titles forth.

Had'ſt thou (*Renowned Cotton*) left us, when
Thy younger deeds ſpoke thee a man of men,
When faire applauſe, won from thy *Daniſh* foe,
With honour'd wreaths deck'd thy victorious brow ;
Thy Princely Maſter *Henry* (he who lov'd
And cheriſh'd thy brave ſpirit) then had prov'd
Thy living Monument ; and ſure had try'd
T' eternize thee, ere hee himſelfe had dy'd.
Thus thou had'ſt timely beene prefer'd ; but wee
Alas degraded by our loſſe of thee.

The State had loſt, had'ſt thou departed young,
An able braine, the Parliament a tongue,
A tongue that could defend his Countries owne,
A yet ne're taxe the glories of the Crowne ;
And tongue and heart that wiſely could diſpence
To th' people love, allegiance to his Prince ;
A tongue that whenſoe're was ſolemne triall,
To become popular, ne're prov'd diſloyall.
Such contradiction ne're in thee was bred,
To ſooth the members, and confront the head.
The Muſes too, had'ſt thou departed young,
Had loſt at once a Father, and a Sonne ;

For

For those that knew how faire a treasure
Of learning in thy noble brest did lye,
What rare, refined knowledge, needs must swear
Thy portion thee proclaim'd the Muses Heire.
Yet who ere saw with what an open hand,
And mind thou did'st the Muses wants withstand,
With what a cheerefull free benevolence
Thou succor'dst them, whose gifts were no defence
'Gainst Fortune's injuries, but would swear rather
Thy bounty thee proclaim'd the Muses Father?

But why doe I in these low numbers strive
T'entombe thy worth, which must my lines survive?
To sing thy praise, I want (brave soule) thy parts,
Thy deepe Divinity, thy reach in Arts,
Those severall Languages, which now ly all
Rak'd up, and silenc'd in thy Funerall.

To speake thee full, our best heads should conferre,
Our subt'lest Schoole-men, or grave Lecturer,
Our Greeke, our Hebrew Reader, both should come,
And each strew somewhat on thy honour'd Tombe.

Meane while, for me (Great Cotton) whose hard Lot
Was ne're to know thou wert, till thou wert not;
To whom thou then began'st alive to be
When all thy knowing friends entombed thee;
I can by none be thought to fawne or lye,
Or sooth thee in a perjur'd Elegie.
When Flattery, and Envie both, (which lye
Speechlesse as oft as great and good men dye)
Are slunke away, and have no longer place,
Ther's roome for Truth to shew her honest face.

I know much funerall pompe did decke thy hearse,
But those sad triumphs run not in my verse.

I know

I know what kill'd thee too, yet cannot I
Revile the Fates, or raile on Destinie:
I cannot with some sprucer witts agree
To jeere the grieve that durst lay hands on thee:
For, since thy Soule is fled, I am not ore
Carefull to tell what hand bra'e o'pe the dore.
When sad disasters fill the mouth of Fame,
Sorrow forgets to question how they came.

On the Same.

TO sweare great *Cotton* did not, could not dye,
Whose name lives fresh in each mans memory,
Were common Elegie, such as each day
On meaner Tombes is freely throwne away.
Is he not dead? Why doe the Mufestell
So loud a lye then? Why ring they his Knell
In such a solemne Quire, as though they all
Were sharers, and companions in the fall?
Methought I heard the maimed State complaine,
As feeling some disturbance in the braine;
The Common-wealth began to droope, and groane,
Like crazie buildings, when a Pillar's gone;
All *Shropshire* languish'd, and her holy Sonnes
Could now no Sermons preach but Funerall ones.

Tis so: beleeve it, *Cotton* is decaest
And waisted over to his latest rest.
If yet thou doubt, and can't not certainly
Perswade thy selfe that such a man might dye;
Goe, view his lodging, now a narrow roome,
And e're thou part fixe this upon his Tombe,

Tis no meane dust that hert enclosed lies
Bedew'd with teares from both faire England's eyes.

Edward Heigham
Coll. Waab.

An Elegie.

SCarce dead, and quite forgot? No sigh? no teare
To tell ensuing Ages thou wert here?
Can so much honour, such true merit goe
Off the Worlds Stage, and future times not know?
No Echo-getting sound? no plaudit giv'n
To recommend thy free-borne Soule to heav'n
At thy last Exit? Shall each Misers hearse,
Monstrously hung with lamentable Verse,
Instead of *Heraldry*, stalke through the street,
Follow'd by Fox-furr'd gownes, and thou want feet
To beare thee to thy Vrne, and spred thy Fame
Through all the quarters, till great *Cottons* Name,
As with some gen'rall Palsey shooke, doth make
E'ch pillar of the Earths vaste Frame to quake?
Where are those golden Witts we so admire?
Will they doe nothing without double hire?
Those sweet-song'd Chanters, which, whilst living thou
Didst fancie so, where are they? All slowne now?
Those that large *Trophees to themselves doe build*,
And their owne *Names* with Poems richly gild,
Lest no surviving Friend should speake their praise
When they are dead, or purchase for them Bayes;
Those Sonnes of *Phabus*, darlings of the Nine,
Can they their owne worth sing, and conceale thine?

Awake

A wake my spritefull Muse, goe, and proclame
Throughout these sluggish Islands, in the name
Of *Cottons* troubl'd Ghost, the times are growne
Ingratefull; goe, tell it alowde, spare none;
Rouse up those Sacke-drown'd braynes; but stay, See, see,
Smooth, smooth thy browe; how happily are wee
Prevented? No, thy England (bravest Knight)
Could not her *Cottons* worth so poorely sleight,
As not to thinke on thee, thee who alive
Her onely glory wert; those that survive,
As Poets in these times old *Homer* doe,
May imitate thee, and come farre short too:
To shew shee loves thee dead, her Gardens have
Both sent of their choice Flowres to strewe thy Grave,
And, that they ne're may wither, but still be
True Emblems of thy soules Eternity,
To *Isis*, and faire *Cham*, the nobler *Thames*,
Trent, and thy *Severne* too, their swelling streames
Have joyn'd to sprinkle them, and vow'd, before
The'yl want, or not have to preserve their store,
They'l draine the Ocean: And, that never base
Detraction, or Envy may deface
Thy Monument, nor ruder hand presume
With slurri'd finger to approch thy Tombe,
Behold thy Friends, Great Heroes, hand in hand,
To guard it in a circle 'bout it stand.
O had thy Master, Lov'd Prince *Henry*, scene
This Day, Himselfe thy prayser would have beene,
He would have told, how thou pluck'dst down the pride
O'th' haughty Dane, when yee together tride
Your Bodies activenesse; and made it knowne
To thy Posteritie, that there was none

6
In all his Fathers Kingdomes like to thee
For solid Learning, and true Piety:
But hee i'th bud was crop't, i'th bud to show,
When thou wert ripe, the way that all must goe;
And thou art gone too now, gone to inherit
Eternall blisse; and, if e're soule did merit
Heav'n for it selfe, sure it must needes be thine;
So little spotted, and so much Divine.
Nor will I longer trouble thy dead earth;
Goe, sleepe againe, sleepe till a second birth
Wake thee, then with thy fellow-Saints possesse
Fulnesse of glory, perfect happinesse.

Rob. Miller

Exon: Coll: Oxon.

*On the Death of Sir ROVLAND
COTTON.*

I Value not, Rich soule, the losse of thee
As of a Man, but of a Librarie;
Nor count thy *Cancer*, such a Worme as frets
One Author, or a Limbe of Learning eates
But as a Barbarisme, or Ignorance
That seises the whole Body: If perchance
A Fire upon the Varican should fall,
It were not It's but Learnings Funerall.
Such was thy Death; because such were thy Parts!
Cotton; a Learned name; System of Arts.
Thou and Sir *Robert* have made it the Chest
Of All, that good men seeke, or bad Detest..

O how

O how I blush, when on our selves I looke,
Whose onely Patrimony is the Booke,
That 'have no Portion else, and yet compar'd
To thy Great store, how poorelie have we shar'd!
We are Yonger Brothers all; nay, may be sed
Or Spendthrifts, or, cleane Disinherited.
A Sundayes Meditation of thine
Were stocke enough to set one up Divine!
A Pedant, if thou dropt'st an Obiter,
Might Mount with't and proceed a Critick heere.
And for thy Tongues, as if thou strov'st to owne
All for thy Countreymen; Greeke, I've knowne
Professors have had lesse; and Hebrew such
'Tis thought in Heav'n thou canst not better much;
Whither 'tis gone with thee, that Saints may know
How neere their Dialect thou spakst below.
Yet these were things on which thou Time didst spend.
As on thy Recreations, not thy End;
And Vanish when those Greater come in sight,
Learning adorne, but doth not Dubbe the Knight.
What did th' Insulting Dane acknowledge when
Two Kingdomes seem'd to wrastle in two men?
And Martiall Henry leapt, that thou hadst showne
A Spirit, almost equall to his owne.
Yea Death. lest thou shouldst also Master him
Durst not assaile till hee had prepar'd each Limbe,
First he Benumb'd, and then Encountred them,
And Conquer'd not by Force but Stratagein.
Nor can hee Triumph in it; we may say
He gave the Fall that thou mightst get the Div.
For thou didst thirst thine End; and didst expresse
More Joy in it, than we do hevenesse.

More strong Devotion and more godly Heate
Than the cold Hypocrite can Counterfeite.
Thy Valour and thy Learning might depaint
A compleate Man, thy Zeale, a compleate Saint.

Will. Barker

Artium Mag: Socius

Coll. No-vi Oxon.

*Upon the Noble Sir ROVLAND COTTON;
of Bella-port in Shop-shire.*

NOW that the wormes (brave Knight) are richly fed
With thine impurer part since thou art dead :
Suffer mee feast these creeping thoughts of mine
On that within thee, which was more Divine.
'Tis true, I did not know thy earth; nor yet
Thy vertuous Life, till Death had tane thy debt
To Nature; what light I have of thy name
Came to me onely from thy Funerall flame:
This Crowne thy Vertues set upon thy head,
Thy last, should bethy birth-day; and when dead
Thou shouldst begin to lixe; not lodged be
More in thy grave, than in our memorie.
No feare by Death, or Time to be devour'd:
The plenteous balme that shall be freely powr'd
From Poets Quills upon thee, shall defend
Thee more, then *Stix* did e're *Patroclus* friend.

Wert thou indeed alive againe, then hee
That wrote but halfe might seeme to flatter thee:

Ev'n

Ev'n naked Truth would shew attir'd ; but now
Thy Death will that suspition disavow :
No soothing after tombe, and ashes ; there
Can be no flatt'ry, where there is no care.
No, now our feares are chang'd ; and when our tongue
Speakes best, alas, 'tis thought wee doe thee wrong.
Now flatt'ry comes too short of truth. No verse,
Or flow'rs of Rhetorick can grace thy Hearse ;
Thou hast outgone our Poetrie ; when we
Racke our Inventions, 'tis scarce Historie.
Had'st thou beene one of common worth, or gone
Above the rest of men in any one
Perfection, then perhaps our Verses might,
As offer'd Incense, doe thee Funerall rite :
But when so many Vertues shall conspire
In one, and each enough for all t'admire
In any other, then ther's no way left,
When of our wonder too we are bereft.
To write thee perfect were Detraction ; wee
Thinke him compleate that has but part of thee.
'Tis not a few poore Lines that can embrace
Such ample worth ; not yet the beauteous face
Of thy large vertues fully pictur'd stand
Within these narrow leases ; t'would aske the hand
Of all the thrice-three Maides, to make thee looke
At full perfection, though they wrote a Booke.
Then, Reader, when thou tak'st these sheets in hand,
As in a Mapp, so must thou understand
A Kingdome by each blot, and every Line
Of ours, a perfect Story to containe :
Thou must conceive by what thou read'st, as tho
A tittle pointed out a Folio.

His

His body, Natures noblest frame, was strong,
Proper, and active; Graces did so throng
Together in e ch part, that you would sweare
'Twere Vertues Fort, made to protect her there.
Onely his Soule excell'd it: richly fraught
With ev'ry vertue can be nam'd or thought:
With Courage, Bounty, Wisdome, Courtesie,
True Friendship, Learning, Faith, and Pietie:
But 'twas the Crowne of all the rest, hee who
Had all these graces, could be humble too.
Hee who had store enough of inward wealth
To make an Angell to forget himselfe,
And swell with Pride, thought meane, or ill of none;
Thought no mans vertues poorer than his owne.

Such was his life for fifty yeeres, when loe
Death plots this stately Fabricks overthrow:
Yet, e're hee dares assault him, hee appoints
A sicknesse to enfeeble all his joynts:
With this hee long while tugg'd; invincible
Till e me a Gangrene too, and then he fell.
Aged he was if reckon'd by his yeares,
But you would thinke him young seeing our teares.
Oh how his Countrey wailes him, and doth weepe
That hee that was her eye, is false asleepe:
That now her Oracle is dumbe, and there
Is none can speake his counsell in her eare:
That her best childe is gone, whose gratefull worth
Hd long time held her up, that brought him forth.
Oh how the Muses droope, and will not be
Temp ed to any Song but Elegie:
They want the Art o speake; since in his head,
All Arts, and Tongues, and Languages lye dead.

But cease those showres, His Friends, your blubber'd
O'reflow with causelesse griefe; in you it lyes (eyes
To make your *Corn* live againe, and be
A patterne unto all Posteritie.
Cherish his vertues in you, and be sure,
The life he most desir'd shall still endure:
Whiles his example lives, and memorie,
There's nothing dead, but his Mortalitie.

Francis Atkins
of Wadham College.

On the Death of the much deplored, Sir
ROVVLAND COTTON of Bella-port
in Shropshire Knight.

O Let me still be silent! tocherish
Thy worth, were but to injure thee in verse.
Why should we cloath our griefe in studied dresse,
By learned teares making our sorrow lesse?
To talke, at best were but a well-meant wrong;
True sorrow floates not on the easie tongue;
It sinkes downe to the heart; there makes a flood,
By mixing his sad streames with teares of blood.
● could you see the Channell! what wee shew
Is superficiall, but griefes overflow!
Could you unvaile our breast! dissolve the cloud
Of sorrow! speechlesse griefe there cryes aloud.
It is transparent in our watty eye,
Whose every drop is a sad Elegie:

Our sighes, our teares, our groanes, and down-cast looke
In choiser Rhetorike speake all the booke
Solemne amazement is the language wee
Do practise, and which best becometh thee.
Our hand lift up, and our dejected eye
Keepe time with this our sullen Harmony.
So hand, eyes, heart, and gestures o're thy tombe
Sing broken dirges, while our tongues are dumbe.
They dare not Image out that glorious mind,
In whose faire Temple goodnesse was enshrin'd
With all the Arts; what language serves to tell
His worth, who in each Language did excell?
Who was the Schollers study, and did teach
In common talk, more than some use to preach.
His sports were our instruction; but he spent
More Studie on the State, and Parliament.
He ow'd this to his country, where his fame
Rais'd early Trophies to his worthy name:
Where we may see true Annals of his deeds
So fairely pen'd, who no re knew letter read's.
Is this death's Method? dorb he ante-date
His fall; because he nobly serv'd the State?
Or was't not a mistake: the Fates too bold
Hearing his deeds repeated, thought him old:
Or else the Fame of Englands Champion
Chose by our Princely Henry, beating on
Death's frighted care, when the proud Dane o'rethron'd
By his cleane strength, was his unequall knowne:
Death start'd at the noyse, resolv'd to try
Whether or no his power could force him dye:
Yet fearing the incounter then, his rage
Deferr'd, untill the Autumn of his age.

Then

Then doth his trembling arme inſinuate
Into his faintned limbes a lingring Fare.
So he, who long enjoy'd a glorious day,
Because ſo rich in ſpoiles, became a prey.

Dudley Digges.

Epitaph.

STay gentle Reader and ſhed o're
Thoſe ſacred aſhes one teare more.
Theſe ſad accents cloath'd in black,
Mourne, whom Church and State doleleſſe
And this weeping Marble ſtone
Doth invite a parting grone.
Here lyes within this ſtonic ſhade
Natures darling, whom ſhe made
Her faireſt Modell, her brieſe ſtory,
In him heaping all her glory:
Here lyes one, whom times of old
Amongſt their wonder's had enrol'd,
Whoſe ſet beames might well aſpire,
Kindled by Poëricke fire,
Vnto a ſtarrie light, and there
For a grave, adorne a Spheare:
One, ſo valiantly ſtrong
He feared to doe any wrong;
Learning's glory, who alone
Was fit to write on his owne ſtone:

Here tongues lye speechlesse ; to be dumbe
Is our best Epicedium.

Duiley Digges

*Equitis Aurati Filius,
Coll. Omnium Animarum
Socius.*

Vpon that admirer and example of
Learning, the valiant Heroe Sir
ROWLAND COTTON.

Hence, hence, pale Sorrow: COTTON doth require.
A Muse that can doe nothing but admire.
He lives our wonder still: no fatall shade
Can dwell with such a lustre, and invade
So bright a Sunne. He onely owes his end
Vnto the griefe of some ambitious Friend.
'Tis all the death which he could undergoe,
To be lamented: none could ever know
So much as a decay in him, nor view
The lookes of Death, but in the Mourners hew.
In him life onely shines: nor could he dy
Vnhappie hee perishe in an Elegy.
Wrong not his worth, dejected eyes: to mourne,
Is to make him anticipate his Vrne.
A Panegyricke better doth become
The stout and learned COTTON, than a Tombe.
Although not one of Millions could aspire
To him, he still descended to admire

Desert.

Desert in others : to advance their fame,
Was his Ambition ; and their praise, his ayme.

The glory due to him did them requite
Who were but parts of him : he did unite
All their demerits : whose divided Bayes
By right were his. Thus he, while he did praise
Their scattered Vertues, which he had entire,
Did (free from selfe-conceit) himselfe admire.
His many Languages affirm'd his Birth
To have beene every where: the spacious Earth
Could onely speake his Tongue : in him alone
All Nations met : a Multitude was One.

Those Easterne Characters, which they that reade
Mistake for Letters : those darke words, that neede
As deepe a search as Thoughts, and seeme to be
But written silence : all those Riddles he
As quickly could unfold, as if his heart
Did not seeke out a Meaning, but impart.
What active courage danc'd in every veine
Of this great Worthy, that presuming Dane
That was prefer'd unto an overthrow
By *Cottons* hand, sufficiently can show.

Those Gods, which Poets have created, came
From short of this true Heroes finer frame :
Who nothing lack'd, wherein Perfection stood :
His body was a Soule, his nimble blood
A purple Spirit, and his ev'ry part
Was but a differently-figur'd heart.

The Soule within the Body was a Gemme
Inclos'd within a glorious Diadem :
Whose boundlesse Lustre spreads unto the sky :
And *Cottons* Name doth Earth to Heaven tye.

Hence then pale Sorrow, and incongruous rites:
Hee lives, whose Fame his dust and Soule unites.

Edward Foulis

Coll. Omnium Animarum
Suius.

Upon the Death of the Noble Knight,
SIR ROYVLAND COTTON;

IS Cotton dead? then wee may live to see
Wonder and Truth, kisse in an Elegie:
Nor shall the Chafte vulgar dare to laugh,
Finding no flatt'ry in an Epitaph:
Heere, all Art could Invent would credit have,
(Vnlesse it be that hee has found a grave)
Not, as lay Catholikes, who oft conclude
Crimes vertuous, 'cause Superiors do obtrude
Pœnall beliefe upon them: But as things,
To which, Mankind sad Attestation brings.
For in what devious Corner drawes he breath,
That hearing, shrinks not at brave Cottons death;
For whose deare sake great Nature seemes to grieve,
And throb; as if an Element were gone.
He was at least her Index, wherein, wee
Her Quadripartite Treasury might see,
Viewing in brieffe her Iemms: for sure he knew
More Tongues then were at Babels building new:
And in so many Languages could write,
That Hee's learn'd now, that can but name them right.

Th' an

Th' unfathom'd Sea of Learning, which does drowne
Myle's rash Impostors, with her puffed up Crowne,
Fled before him, checking her waves; and there,
To his sharpe Iudgement, left her bottome bare.
These shew'd his Greatnesse, that he did Converse
Not with some Nations; but the Vniuerse;
So in his life, from All extracting Art,
They all in his sad losse, must beare a part.
And though those hands, which had so Active beane,
To out doe Nations, drew their vigour in,
T'was not through want of any Noble fire,
But as great Princes indispos'd retire.
So the not using feet of so large price,
Shew'd, how hee grew a Bird of Paradise,
Scorning the flage of Man; till he became
Fixed above as a Ceuellall flame:
Whose losse we all now Mourne; yet that we might
Find faire Concordance twixt his Race, and Flight,
Having presented rich, and stately Scenex,
Hee scorn'd an Exit with the common meanes,
As *Moses* pray'd, Hee dy'd: *Aurum* and *Hur*
Lifting those hands, that wearied could not stirre.
Or else when hee had warr'd, and Conquer'd all
That subtile Schooles Abstruse, and Crangy call,
Triumph'd o're Arts, Vertues, the World, and Wit.
Strength, Natures weaknesse, and the Clogs in it.
Two grave Divines (to his full height now growne)
Seem'd to Attend him, to rectifie his Crowne.

Owen Felham Gent.

An Elegie.

RIch as was *Cassius* worth I wish each Line,
And every Verse I breath, like him, a Mine.
That by his Vertues might created be
A new strange Miracle, Wealth in Poetrie.
But that Invention cannot sure be poore,
That but relates a part of his large store.
His Youth began, as when the Sunne doth rise
Without a cloud, and clearly trots the skies.
And whereas others Youthes commended be
From conceiv'd hopes, his was Maturity;
Where other Springs boast blossomes fairely blowne,
His was a Haruest, and had fruits full growne.
So that he seem'd a *Nestor* here to raigne
In Wisdome, *Aeson*-like turn'd young againe.
This Royall *Henry*, whose Majestike eye,
Saw thorow men, did from his Court descrie,
And thither cal'd him, and then fix'd him there
One of the prime starres in his glorious Spheare.
And (Princely master) witnesse this with mee
Hee liv'd not there, to serve himselfe, but thee.
No Silke-worme Courtier, such as study there
First how to get their cloaths, then how to weare.
And though in favour high, hee nere was knowne
To promote others suites to pay for's owne.
Hee valued more his Master, and knewe well,
To use his Love was noble, Base to sell.
Many there bee live in the Court wee knowe
To serve for Pageants and make up the show,

And

And are not serviceable there at all,
But now and then at some great festivall.
Hee serv'd for nobler use, the secret cares
Of Common wealths, and mystike State affaires;
And when great *Henry* did his Maximes heare,
He wore him as a Jewell in his Eare.
Yet short he came not, nay he all ourwent
In what some call a Courtiers complement.
An active body that in subtile wise
Turnes pliable to any exercise.
For when hee leapt, the people dar'd to say
Hee was borne all of fire, and wore no clay.
Which was the Cause too that hee wrestled so,
Tis not fires nature to be kept below.
His Course hee so perform'd with nimble pace,
The time was not perceiv'd measur'd the race;
As it were true that some late artists say,
That Earth mov'd too, and run the other way.
All so soone finish'd, when the match was wonne,
The gazers by ask'd why they not begunne.
When hee in Masque us'd his harmonious feet,
The Spheares could not in comelier order meet
Nor move more graceful, whether they advance
Their Measures forward, or retire their Dance.
There be have scene him in our *Henries* Court
The Glory and the Envy of that sport,
And capering like a constellation rise,
Having fix'd upon him all the Ladies eyes.
But these in him I would not Vertues call,
But that the world must know, that he had all.
When *Henry* dy'de (our Vniversall woe)
Willing was *Cotton* to dye with him too.

H

And

And as neere death hee came as neere could be,
Himselfe hee buried in Obscuritie,
Entomb'd within his Study walls, and there
Only the Dead his conversation were.
Yet was hee not alone, for every day,
Each Muse came thither with her sprig of Bay;
The Graces roand about him did appeare,
The Genij of all Nations all met there.
And while immur'd hee sat thus close at home,
To him the wealth of all the world did come:
Hee had a Language to salute the Sunne
Where hee unharnest, and where's teame begun:
The Tongues of all the East to him were knowne
As naturall, as they were borne his owne;
Which from his mouth so sweetly did intice,
As with their Language he had mix'd their spice.
In Greeke so fluent, that with it compare
Th' Athenian Olives, and they saplesse are.
Rome did submit her Fasces, and confesse
Her *Tully* might talke more, and yet speake lesse.
All sciences were lodg'd in his large brest,
And in that palace thought themselves so blest.
They never meant to part, but Hee should be
Sole Monarch, and dissolve their Heptarchie.
But O how vaine is mans fraile Harmonie!
Wee all are Swans, hee that sings best, must die.
Death knowledge nothing makes, when we come there,
Wee need nor Language, nor Interpreter.
Who would not laugh at him now, that should seeke
In *Cassons* Urne for Hebrew or for Greeke;
But his more heavenly Graces with him yet
Live constant, and about him caroled fit

A bright Retinue, and on each falls downe
A Robe of Glory, and on each a Crowne.

Then Madam, (though you have a Losse sustain'd
Both infinite, and ne're to be regain'd
Here in this world) dry your sad eyes, once more
You shall againe enter the nuptiall doore
A sprightly Bride, where you shall clothed be
In garments weav'd of Immortalitie.
Nor Grieve because hee left you not a Sonne,
To Image *Cotson* forth now hee is gone;
For it had beene a wrong to his great name
T'have liv'd in any thing but Heaven and Fame.

Tho:-Randolph.

FINIS.

*Imprimatur. Tho: Weekes R: P: D.
Episcopo Lond: Cap: Domest.*